TOMB OF DRACULA™

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

NO, DOMINI-- DON'T!

OUR SON IS DEAD-- HE MUSTN'T BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE--

-- OR WE'LL ALL BE DOOMED!

IF YOU CAN ONLY BUY ONE MAG THIS MONTH--DON'T DARE MISS--

"RESURRECTION!"

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

STan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**

Mary Wolfman writer/editor . Gene Colan & Tom Palmer artists . J. Costanza letterer . Tom Palmer colorist

RESURRECTION!

HIS NAME IS DRACULA. THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, HE HAS BEEN MANY THINGS. WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, HE WAS PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA--AND A MORE DESPOTIC RULER YOU COULD HARDLY FIND.

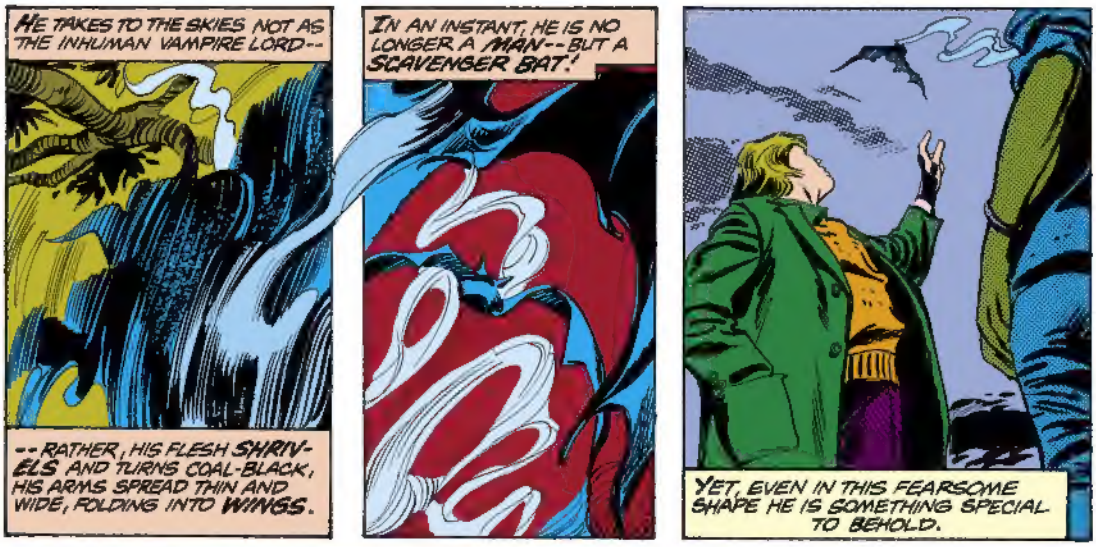
TO MOST, HE IS A TERROR, AN UNLIVING THING THAT SUCKS AWAY LIFE WITHOUT REASON, A MURDERER, A HEARTLESS ASSASSIN--A FIEND OF LIMITLESS VILLAINY.

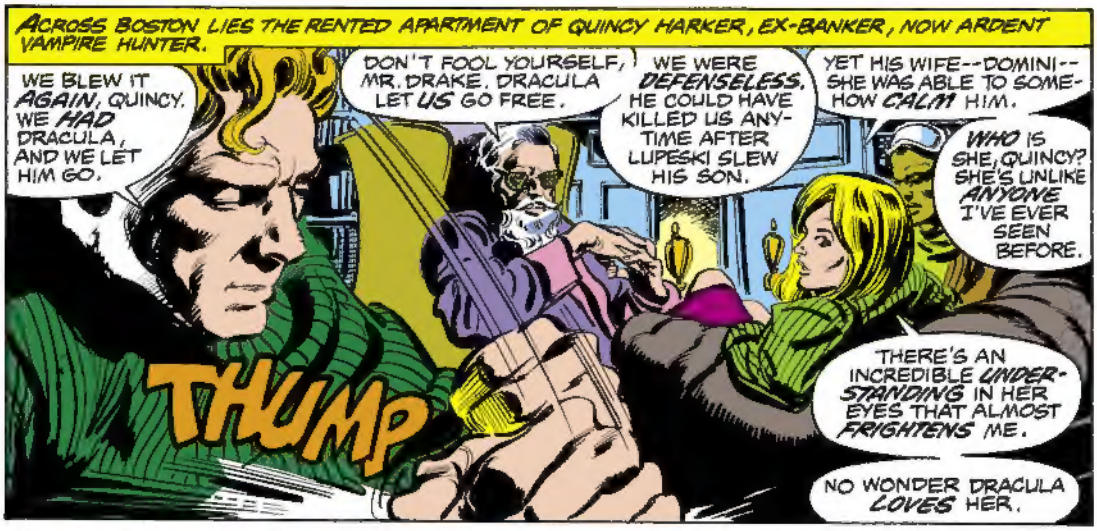
SHOULD I RETURN TO DOMINI? HAVEN'T I CAUSED HER ENOUGH GRIEF?

WHAT SHOULD I DO--? WHAT SHOULD I DO?

HE HAS EXISTED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS WITH FEW TEARS SHED FOR HIS SOUL. AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T FEEL SORROW FOR THE GUILTY, OR PITY OF THE VICIOUS. HE IS A BLACKGUARD, MOST WOULD INSIST--WITHOUT HEART.. WITHOUT SOUL... WITHOUT LOVE.

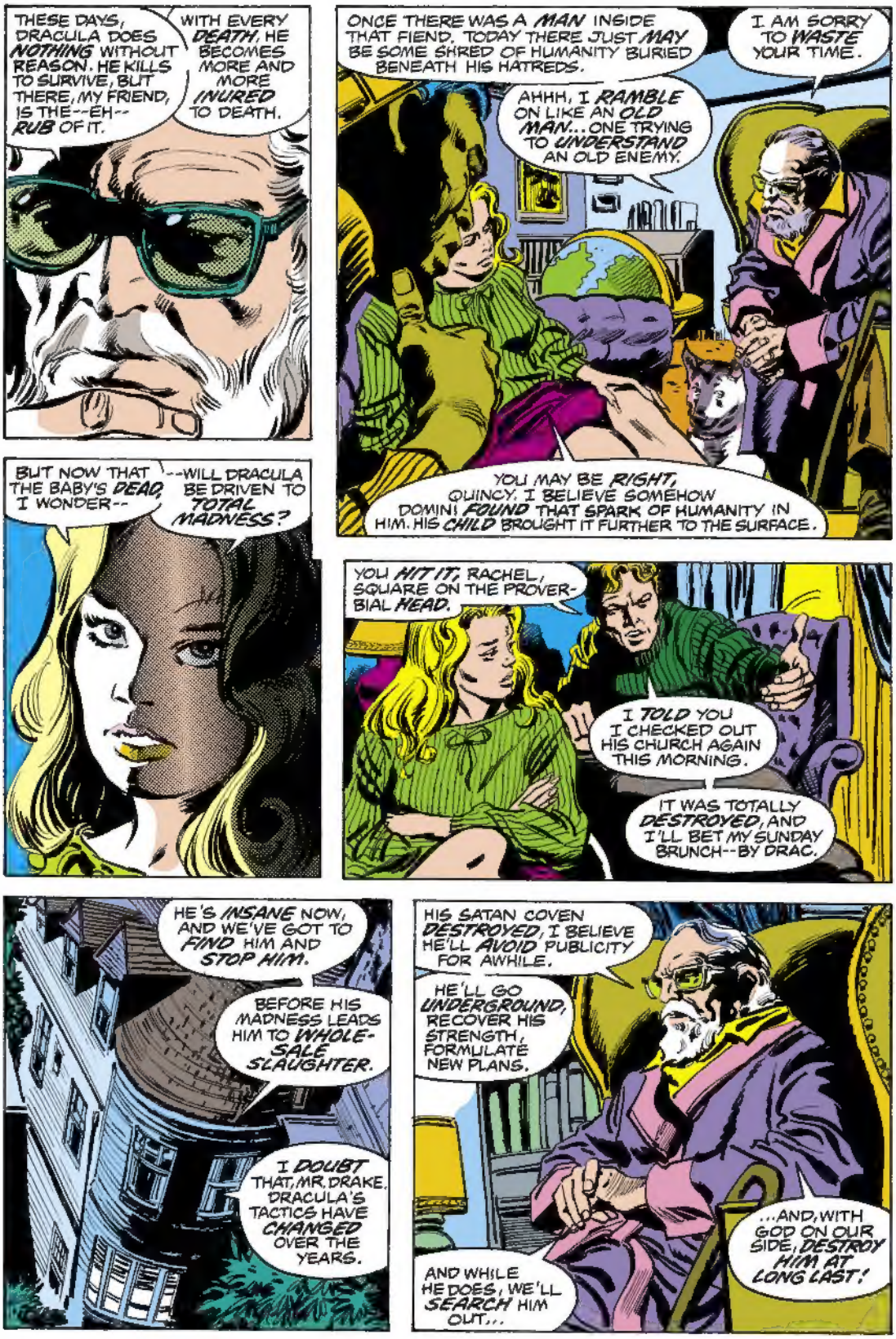
YET, THIS HEARTLESS WRETCH NOW BROODS ALONE, HIS THOUGHTS CENTERED ON A MOST FRAGILE WOMAN HE TRULY LOVES.


HE TAKES TO THE SKIES NOT AS THE INHUMAN VAMPIRE LORD--
--RATHER, HIS FLESH SHRIVELS AND TURNS COAL-BLACK, HIS ARMS SPREAD THIN AND WIDE, FOLDING INTO WINGS.
IN AN INSTANT, HE IS NO LONGER A MAN--BUT A SCAVENGER BAT!
YET, EVEN IN THIS FEARSOME SHAPE HE IS SOMETHING SPECIAL TO BEHOLD.

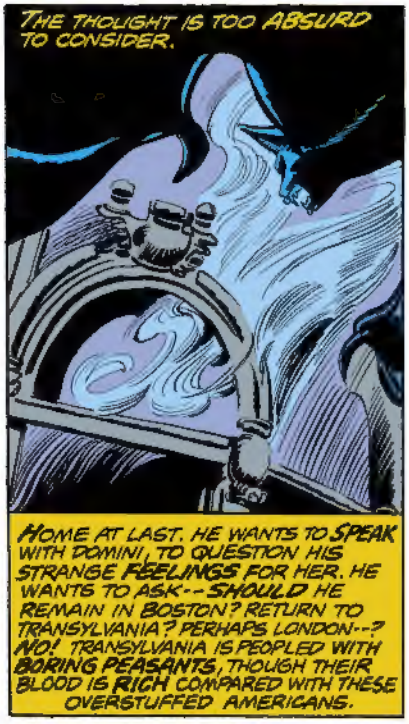

ACROSS BOSTON LIES THE RENTED APARTMENT OF QUINCY HARKER, EX-BANKER, NOW ARDENT VAMPIRE HUNTER.
WE BLEW IT AGAIN, QUINCY. WE HAD DRACULA, AND WE LET HIM GO.
DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, MR. DRAKE. DRACULA LET US GO FREE.
WE WERE DEFENSELESS. HE COULD HAVE KILLED US ANYTIME AFTER LUPESKI SLEW HIS SON.
YET HIS WIFE--DOMINI--SHE WAS ABLE TO SOMEHOW CALM HIM.
WHO IS SHE, QUINCY? SHE'S UNLIKE ANYONE I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE.
THUMP
THERE'S AN INCREDIBLE UNDERSTANDING IN HER EYES THAT ALMOST FRIGHTENS ME.
NO WONDER DRACULA LOVES HER.

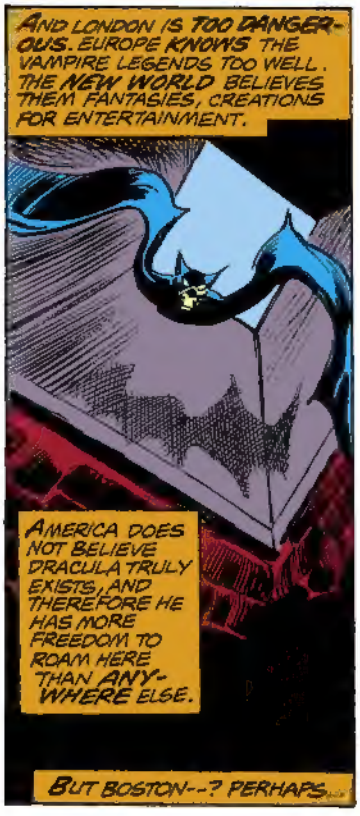
COME OFF IT, RACHEL. HOW CAN A DEAD MAN LOVE ANYONE?
HE'S VICIOUS... EVIL. YOU'VE TOLD ME THAT A HUNDRED TIMES.
HE IS EVIL, MR. DRAKE, BUT THERE IS MORE TO DRACULA THAN MEETS THE EYE.

I'VE RESEARCHED OUR ELUSIVE FRIEND. ONCE HE WAS A NOBLEMAN.
WHEN HE LIVED--FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO--VICIOUSNESS WAS A NECESSARY TRAIT TO PREVENT THE ENEMY FROM INVADING YOUR COUNTRY.
TO HIS PEOPLE, DRACULA WAS NOT ONLY A TYRANT, BUT A HERO.


THESE DAYS, DRACULA DOES NOTHING WITHOUT REASON. HE KILLS TO SURVIVE, BUT THERE, MY FRIEND, IS THE--EH-- RUB OF IT.
WITH EVERY DEATH, HE BECOMES MORE AND MORE INURED TO DEATH.
ONCE THERE WAS A MAN INSIDE THAT FIEND. TODAY THERE JUST MAY BE SOME SHRED OF HUMANITY BURIED BENEATH HIS HATREDS.
I AM SORRY TO WASTE YOUR TIME.
AHHH, I RAMBLE ON LIKE AN OLD MAN... ONE TRYING TO UNDERSTAND AN OLD ENEMY.
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, QUINCY. I BELIEVE SOMEHOW DOMINI FOUND THAT SPARK OF HUMANITY IN HIM. HIS CHILD BROUGHT IT FURTHER TO THE SURFACE.
BUT NOW THAT THE BABY'S DEAD, I WONDER--
--WILL DRACULA BE DRIVEN TO TOTAL MADNESS?
YOU HIT IT, RACHEL, SQUARE ON THE PROVERBIAL HEAD.
I TOLD YOU I CHECKED OUT HIS CHURCH AGAIN THIS MORNING.
IT WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED, AND I'LL BET MY SUNDAY BRUNCH--BY DRAC.
HE'S INSANE NOW, AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND STOP HIM.
BEFORE HIS MADNESS LEADS HIM TO WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.
I DOUBT THAT, MR. DRAKE. DRACULA'S TACTICS HAVE CHANGED OVER THE YEARS.
HIS SATAN COVEN DESTROYED, I BELIEVE HE'LL AVOID PUBLICITY FOR AWHILE.
HE'LL GO UNDERGROUND, RECOVER HIS STRENGTH, FORMULATE NEW PLANS.
...AND, WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE, DESTROY HIM AT LONG LAST!
AND WHILE HE DOES, WE'LL SEARCH HIM OUT...

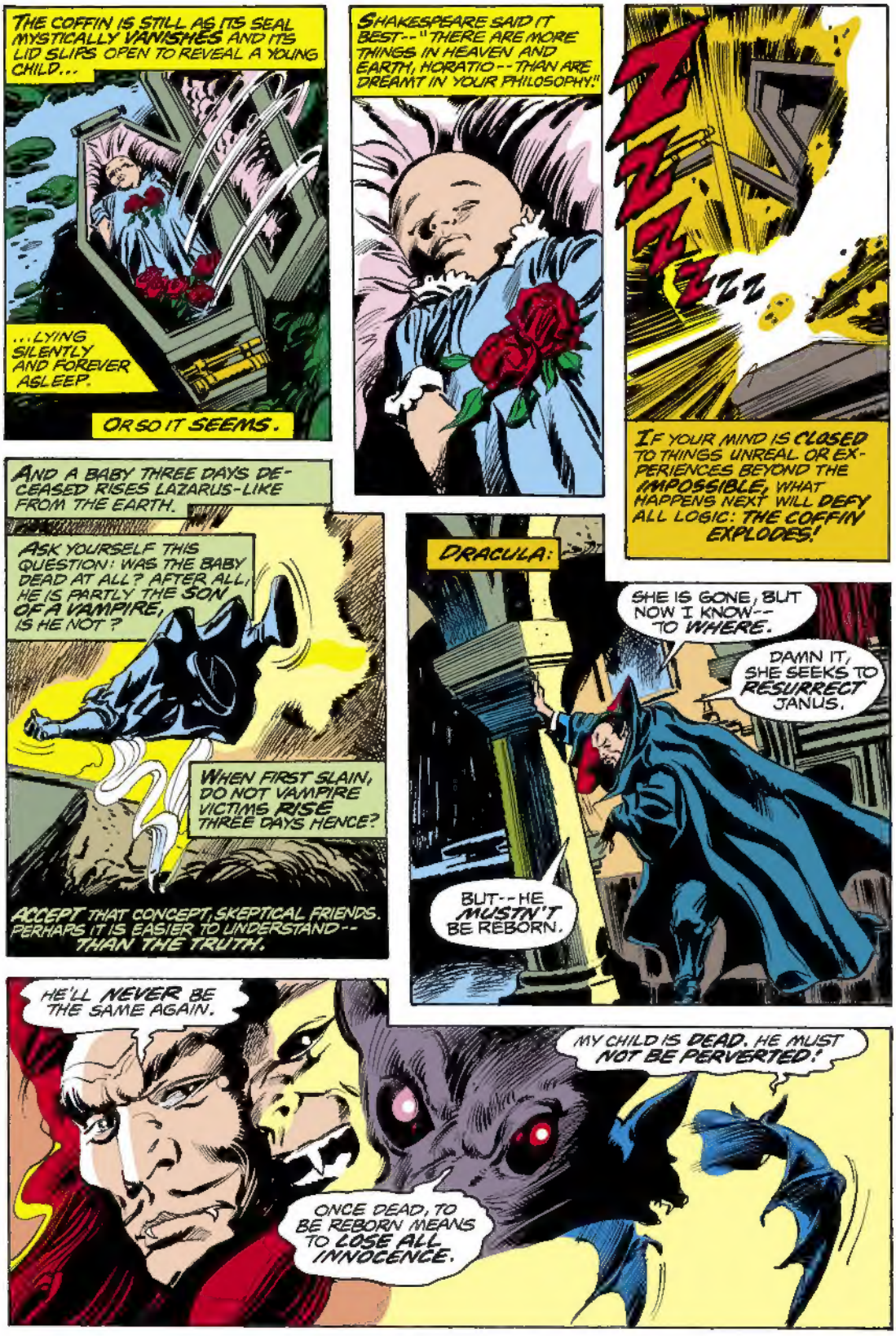
HE SOARS, THIS OBJECT OF HATRED, HIS HEART SEETHING WITH PAIN.
HE HAS A WIFE HE LOVES--FOR A REASON HE IS NOT YET SURE OF. BY ALL RIGHTS, HE SHOULD LOVE NO WOMAN ANY-MORE. BUT HE DOES.
PERHAPS SHE APPEALS TO SOME-THING HUMAN IN HIM? HE WONDERS, THEN QUICKLY DISMISSES IT FROM HIS MIND.

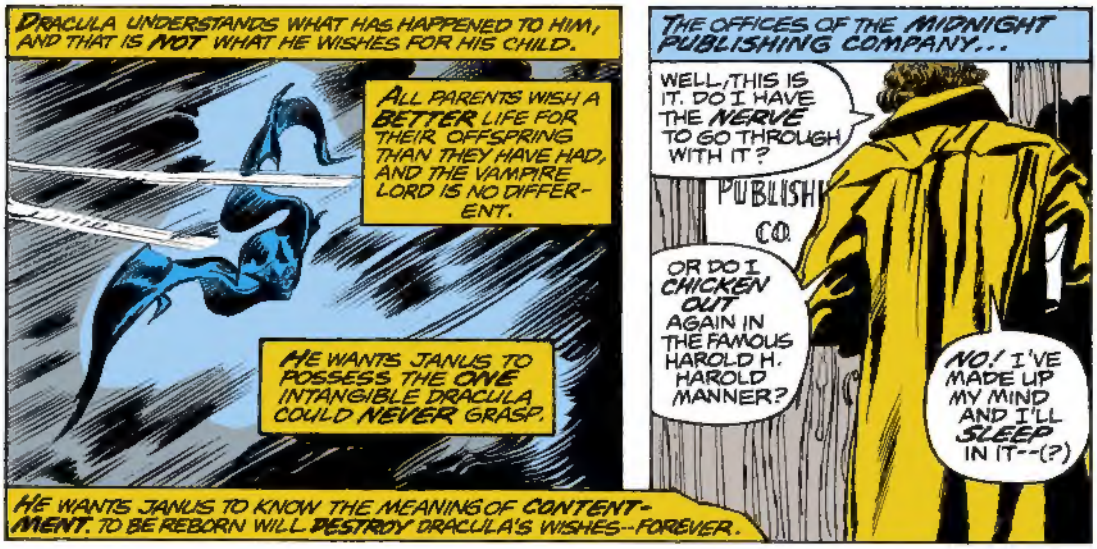

THE THOUGHT IS TOO ABSURD TO CONSIDER.
HOME AT LAST. HE WANTS TO SPEAK WITH DOMINI, TO QUESTION HIS STRANGE FEELINGS FOR HER. HE WANTS TO ASK--SHOULD HE REMAIN IN BOSTON? RETURN TO TRANSYLVANIA? PERHAPS LONDON--? NO! TRANSYLVANIA IS PEOPLED WITH BORING PEASANTS, THOUGH THEIR BLOOD IS RICH COMPARED WITH THESE OVERSTUFFED AMERICANS.


AND LONDON IS TOO DANGER-OUS. EUROPE KNOWS THE VAMPIRE LEGENDS TOO WELL. THE NEW WORLD BELIEVES THEM FANTASIES, CREATIONS FOR ENTERTAINMENT.
AMERICA DOES NOT BELIEVE DRACULA TRULY EXISTS, AND THEREFORE HE HAS MORE FREEDOM TO ROAM HERE THAN ANY-WHERE ELSE.
BUT BOSTON--? PERHAPS...

ENOUGH QUESTIONS FOR NOW. HE IS HOME.
COME HERE, WIFE. I--DOMINI--?
DOMINI?
SHE IS NOT HERE?
WHERE IS MY WIFE? WHERE IS DOMINI?

SHE STANDS ALONE IN DARKNESS, THIS WOMAN BORN OF MORTAL FLESH, AND THE DARKNESS TIGHTLY HOLDS HER.
THE WIND IS BROTHER TO DOMINI; FREE OF SPIRIT, FREE OF PAIN, IT CARESSES HER IN A GENTLE EMBRACE...
...AS SHE LIFTS HER HANDS HIGH TO THE HEAVENS.
CRRACK
"NO-- DON'T, DOMINI--!" THE SKY CRIES OUT. "IT IS WRONG, DOMINI--VERY WRONG."
BUT THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S MIND IS SET. WHEN THE DARK FORCES TOOK HOLD OF HER MONTHS AGO AND CREATED THE MYSTIC BOND SHE AND DRACULA SHARED, SHE WAS PROMISED A LIVING SON.
HE MUST BE REBORN NOW!
JANUS MUST LIVE!
CRRRUNCH
JANUS
AGAIN THE SKIES CRY OUT IN PROTEST AS THE EARTH SPLITS ASUNDER...
...AND WHAT WAS ONCE BURIED DEEP IN THE MOIST GROUND--
--NOW RISES HELTER SKELTER TO THE SURFACE.


THE COFFIN IS STILL AS ITS SEAL MYSTICALLY VANISHES AND ITS LID SLIPS OPEN TO REVEAL A YOUNG CHILD...
...LYING SILENTLY AND FOREVER ASLEEP.
OR SO IT SEEMS.
SHAKESPEARE SAID IT BEST--"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH, HORATIO--THAN ARE DREAMT IN YOUR PHILOSOPHY."
ZZZZZZ
IF YOUR MIND IS CLOSED TO THINGS UNREAL OR EXPERIENCES BEYOND THE IMPOSSIBLE, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WILL DEFY ALL LOGIC: THE COFFIN EXPLODES!
AND A BABY THREE DAYS DECEASED RISES LAZARUS-LIKE FROM THE EARTH.
ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION: WAS THE BABY DEAD AT ALL? AFTER ALL, HE IS PARTLY THE SON OF A VAMPIRE, IS HE NOT?
WHEN FIRST SLAIN, DO NOT VAMPIRE VICTIMS RISE THREE DAYS HENCE?
ACCEPT THAT CONCEPT, SKEPTICAL FRIENDS. PERHAPS IT IS EASIER TO UNDERSTAND--THAN THE TRUTH.
DRACULA:
SHE IS GONE, BUT NOW I KNOW--TO WHERE.
DAMN IT, SHE SEEKS TO RESURRECT JANUS.
BUT--HE MUSTN'T BE REBORN.
HE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.
MY CHILD IS DEAD. HE MUST NOT BE PERVERTED!
ONCE DEAD, TO BE REBORN MEANS TO LOSE ALL INNOCENCE.


DRACULA UNDERSTANDS WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, AND THAT IS NOT WHAT HE WISHES FOR HIS CHILD.
ALL PARENTS WISH A BETTER LIFE FOR THEIR OFFSPRING THAN THEY HAVE HAD, AND THE VAMPIRE LORD IS NO DIFFERENT.
HE WANTS JANUS TO POSSESS THE ONE INTANGIBLE DRACULA COULD NEVER GRASP.
THE OFFICES OF THE MIDNIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY...
WELL, THIS IS IT. DO I HAVE THE NERVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT?
PUBLISHI
CO.
OR DO I CHICKEN OUT AGAIN IN THE FAMOUS HAROLD H. HAROLD MANNER?
NO! I'VE MADE UP MY MIND AND I'LL SLEEP IN IT--(?)
HE WANTS JANUS TO KNOW THE MEANING OF CONTENTMENT. TO BE REBORN WILL DESTROY DRACULA'S WISHES--FOREVER.

AURORA--?
...HEY, CLARY, CALL YOU LATER. ONE OF OUR WRITERS JUST CAME IN.
AURORA, CAN YOU DO ME A BIG FAVOR?
WAS MR. GREADILY EXPECTING YOU, HAROLD?

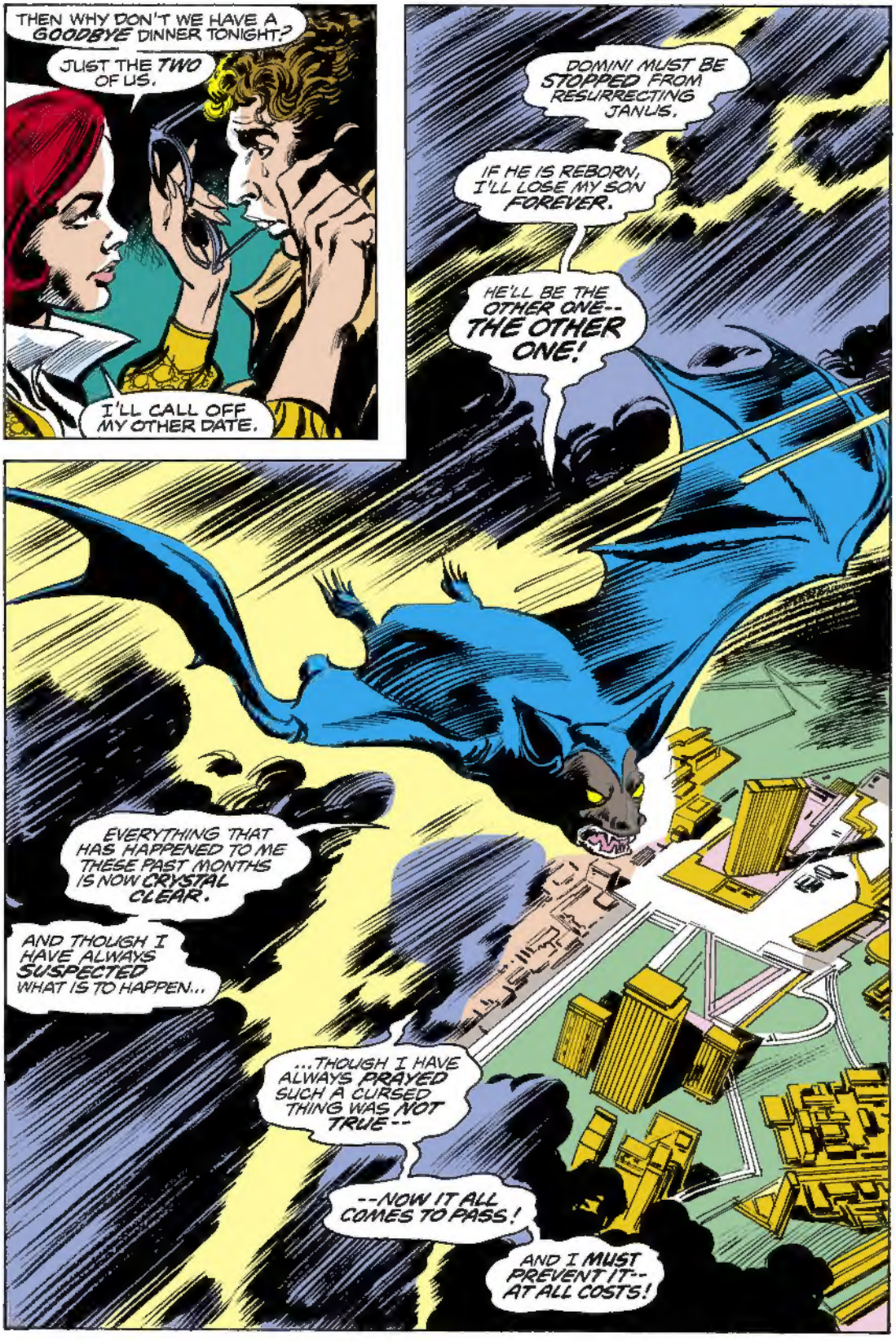
GEE, I'M SORRY. BUT I'M BUSY TONIGHT.
NO. I MEAN, GIVE THIS TO MR. GREADILY.
TELL HIM IT'S MY LAST SCRIPT. I'M QUITTING.
SURE YOU ARE, HAROLD.
I MEAN IT, AURORA.

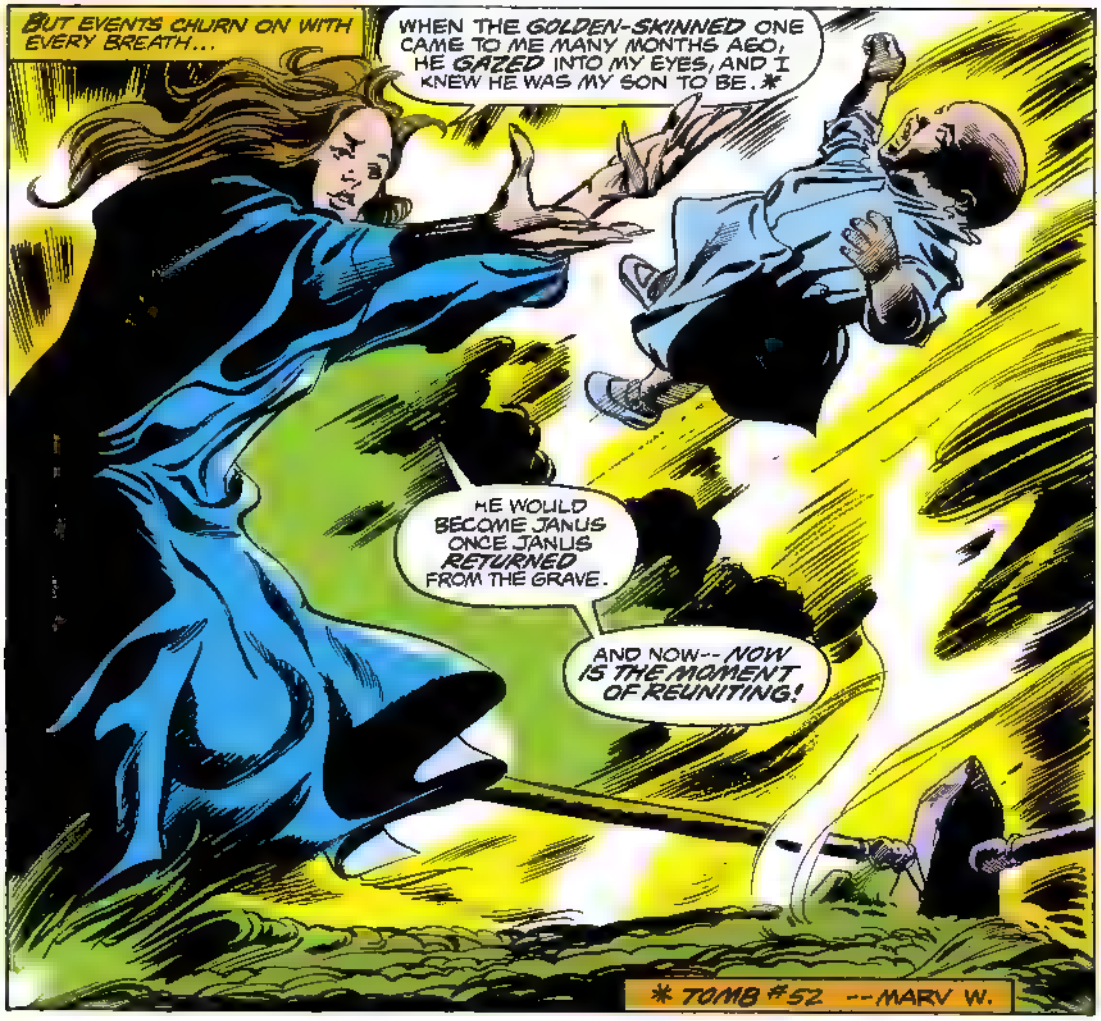
YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH LATELY? EVER SINCE SUNDAY WHEN I WATCHED DRACULA'S SON KILLED?

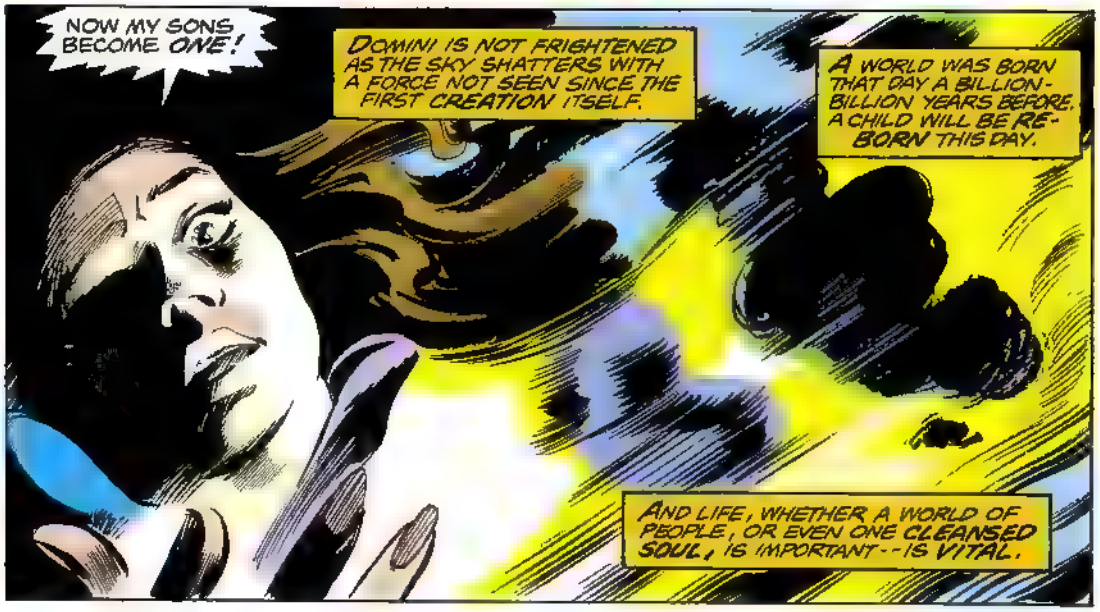
AURORA, I WAS THERE, FIRING GUNS, DOING THINGS THAT JUST AREN'T ME.

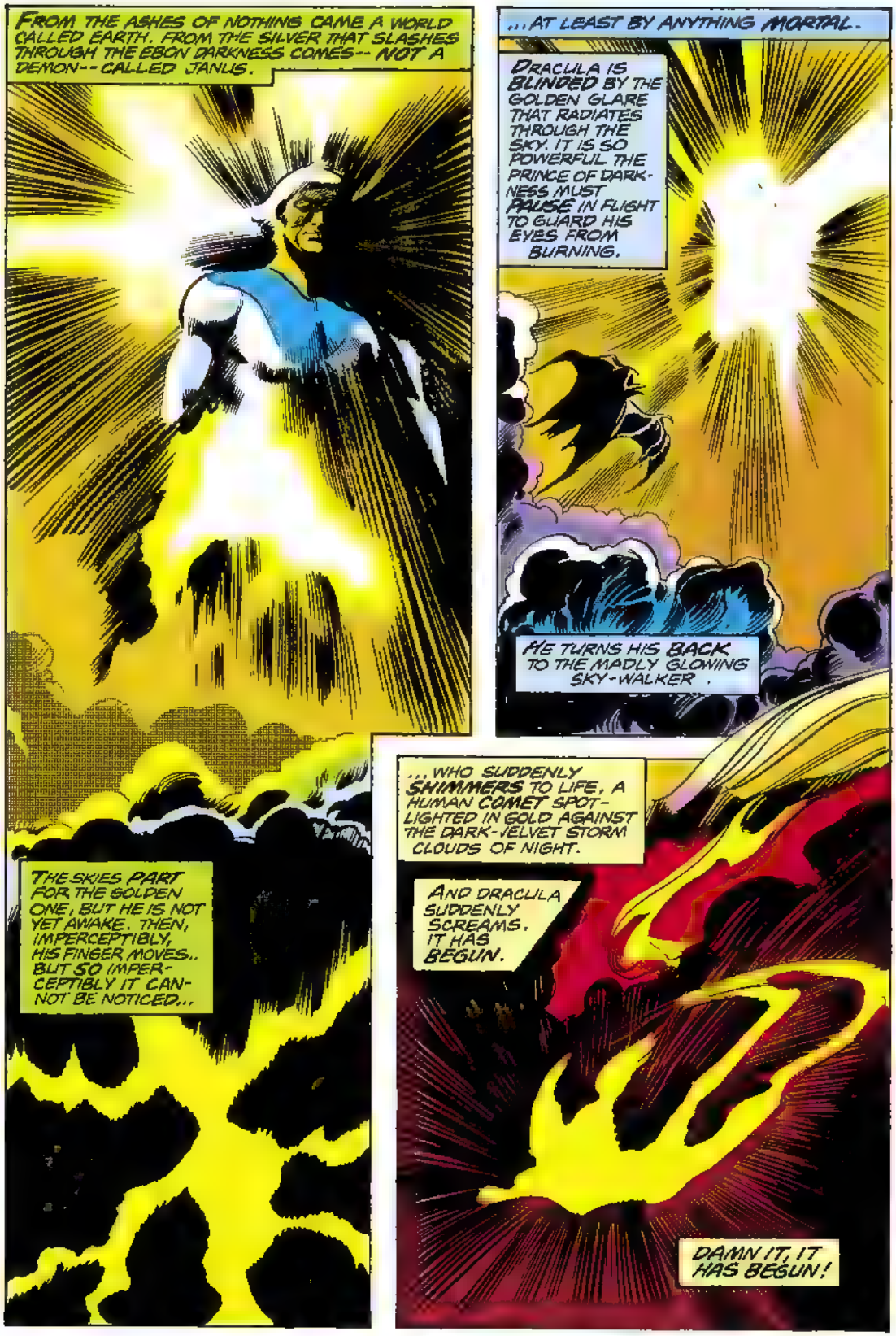
FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS I'VE BEEN SICK TO MY STOMACH BECAUSE OF THAT.

I'M A PEACEFUL GUY, AURORA. I CAN'T TAKE VIOLENCE. I EVEN GET SICK WHEN I SEE BLOOD ON A MEDIUM RARE STEAK.
AND I REALIZED BECAUSE I WAS HERE I WAS GETTING CAUGHT UP IN THINGS I CAN'T STAND.
SO, BEFORE I GIVE MYSELF ULCERS OR A HEART ATTACK, I'M CLEARING OUT.
REALLY? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WELL, MY AGENT THINKS THEY'RE GONNA MAKE A MOVIE OUT OF MY NOVEL--"THE VAMPIRE CONSPIRACY." SO MAYBE--HOLLYWOOD.
OR MAYBE EUROPE, JUST TO GET AWAY.
ANYWAY, I JUST WANTED TO COME OVER AND SAY GOODBYE.
'CAUSE, AURORA, YOU'RE THE NICEST PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN. REALLY.
ER--HAVE YOU TOLD FRANK AND RACHEL YET?
I'LL WRITE 'EM WHEN I GET WHERE I'M GOING. I DON'T WANT THEM TALKING ME OUT OF THIS.
I DON'T THINK I COULD STAND GOING THROUGH ANYTHING MORE.
YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND. I'M NOT A HE-MAN. I'M A HAROLD.
AND MAYBE I WANT TO BE A HAROLD FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
OH YEAH, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF MY KITTEN, FRUITCAKE, FOR ME?
HOLD ON, HAROLD. WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?
TOMORROW. WHEN I GET TO THE AIRPORT, I'LL DECIDE WHERE I'M OFF TO.
WHY?

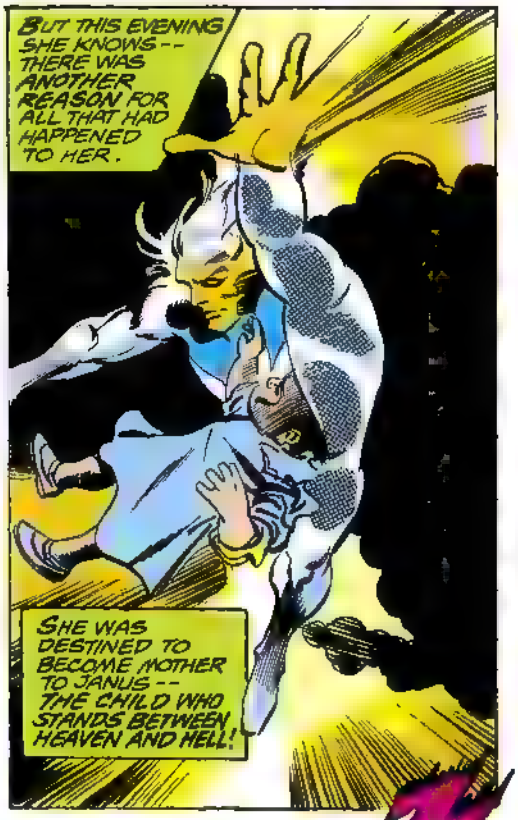

THEN WHY DON'T WE HAVE A GOODBYE DINNER TONIGHT?
JUST THE TWO OF US.
I'LL CALL OFF MY OTHER DATE.
DOMINI MUST BE STOPPED FROM RESURRECTING JANUS.
IF HE IS REBORN, I'LL LOSE MY SON FOREVER.
HE'LL BE THE OTHER ONE-- THE OTHER ONE!
EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME THESE PAST MONTHS IS NOW CRYSTAL CLEAR.
AND THOUGH I HAVE ALWAYS SUSPECTED WHAT IS TO HAPPEN...
...THOUGH I HAVE ALWAYS PRAYED SUCH A CURSED THING WAS NOT TRUE--
--NOW IT ALL COMES TO PASS!
AND I MUST PREVENT IT-- AT ALL COSTS!

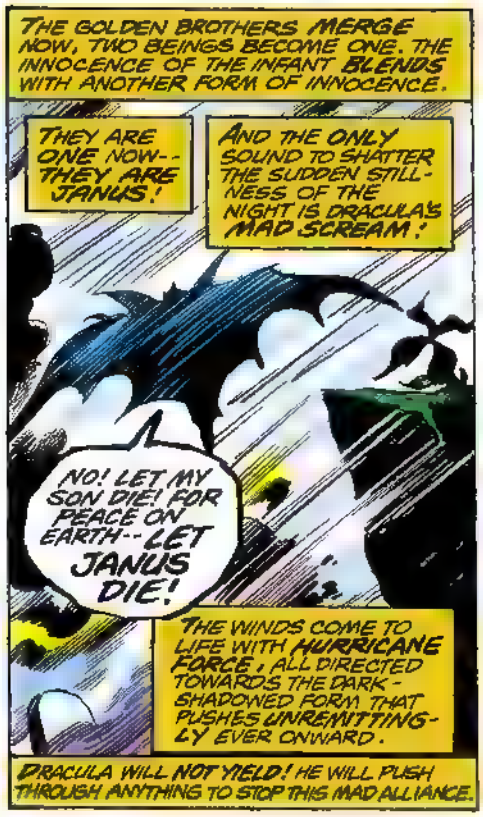

BUT EVENTS CHURN ON WITH EVERY BREATH...
WHEN THE GOLDEN-SKINNED ONE CAME TO ME MANY MONTHS AGO, HE GAZED INTO MY EYES, AND I KNEW HE WAS MY SON TO BE.*
HE WOULD BECOME JANUS ONCE JANUS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE.
AND NOW--NOW IS THE MOMENT OF REUNITING!
* TOMB #52 --MARV W.

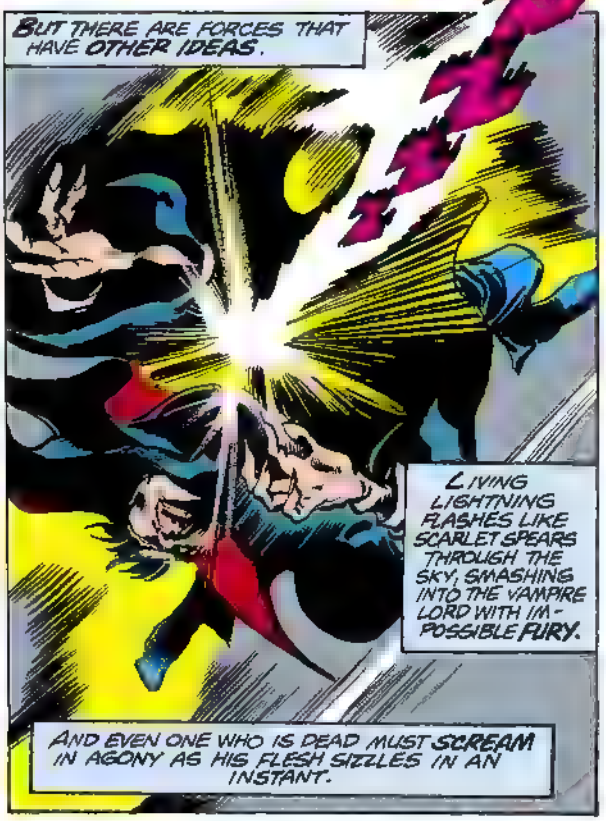

NOW MY SONS BECOME ONE!
DOMINI IS NOT FRIGHTENED AS THE SKY SHATTERS WITH A FORCE NOT SEEN SINCE THE FIRST CREATION ITSELF.
A WORLD WAS BORN THAT DAY A BILLION-BILLION YEARS BEFORE. A CHILD WILL BE RE-BORN THIS DAY.
AND LIFE, WHETHER A WORLD OF PEOPLE, OR EVEN ONE CLEANSED SOUL, IS IMPORTANT--IS VITAL.

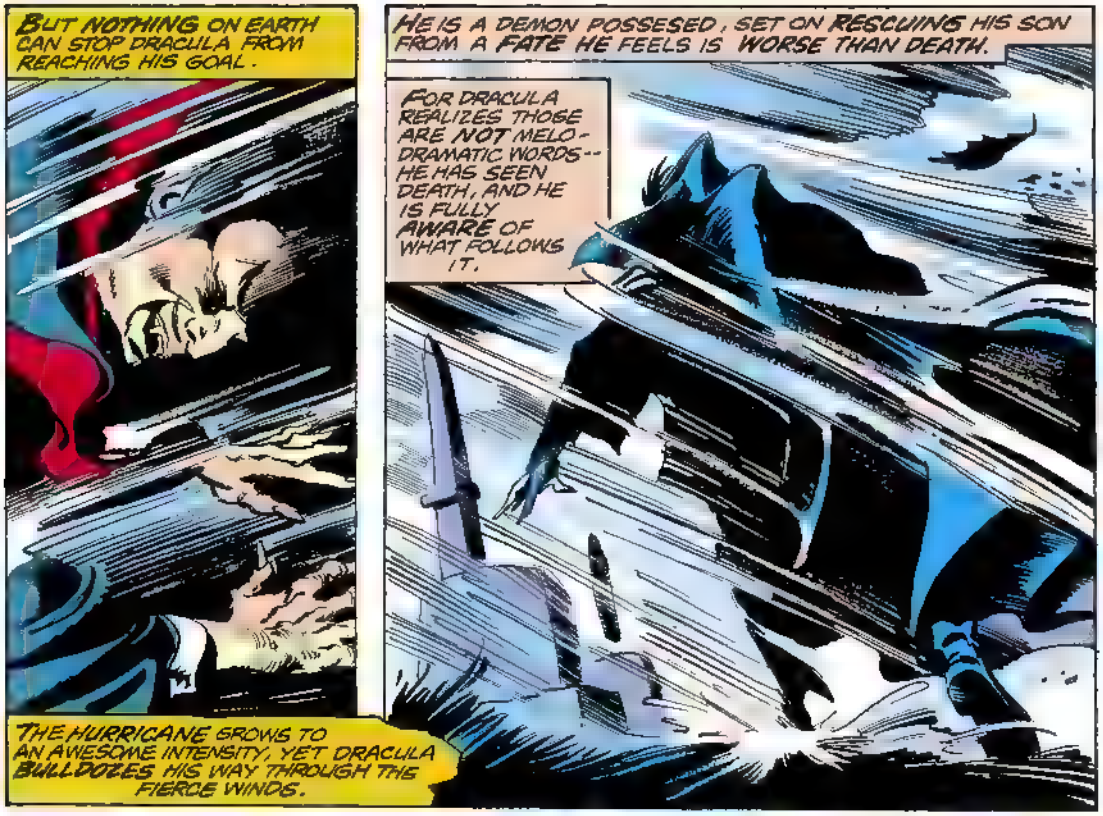

FROM THE ASHES OF NOTHING CAME A WORLD CALLED EARTH. FROM THE SILVER THAT SLASHES THROUGH THE EBON DARKNESS COMES-- NOT A DEMON--CALLED JANUS.
THE SKIES PART FOR THE GOLDEN ONE, BUT HE IS NOT YET AWAKE. THEN, IMPERCEPTIBLY, HIS FINGER MOVES.. BUT SO IMPERCEPTIBLY IT CANNOT BE NOTICED..
...AT LEAST BY ANYTHING MORTAL.
DRACULA IS BLINDED BY THE GOLDEN GLARE THAT RADIATES THROUGH THE SKY. IT IS SO POWERFUL THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS MUST PAUSE IN FLIGHT TO GUARD HIS EYES FROM BURNING.
HE TURNS HIS BACK TO THE MADLY GLOWING SKY-WALKER.
...WHO SUDDENLY SHIMMERS TO LIFE, A HUMAN COMET SPOTLIGHTED IN GOLD AGAINST THE DARK-VELVET STORM CLOUDS OF NIGHT.
AND DRACULA SUDDENLY SCREAMS. IT HAS BEGUN.
DAMN IT, IT HAS BEGUN!

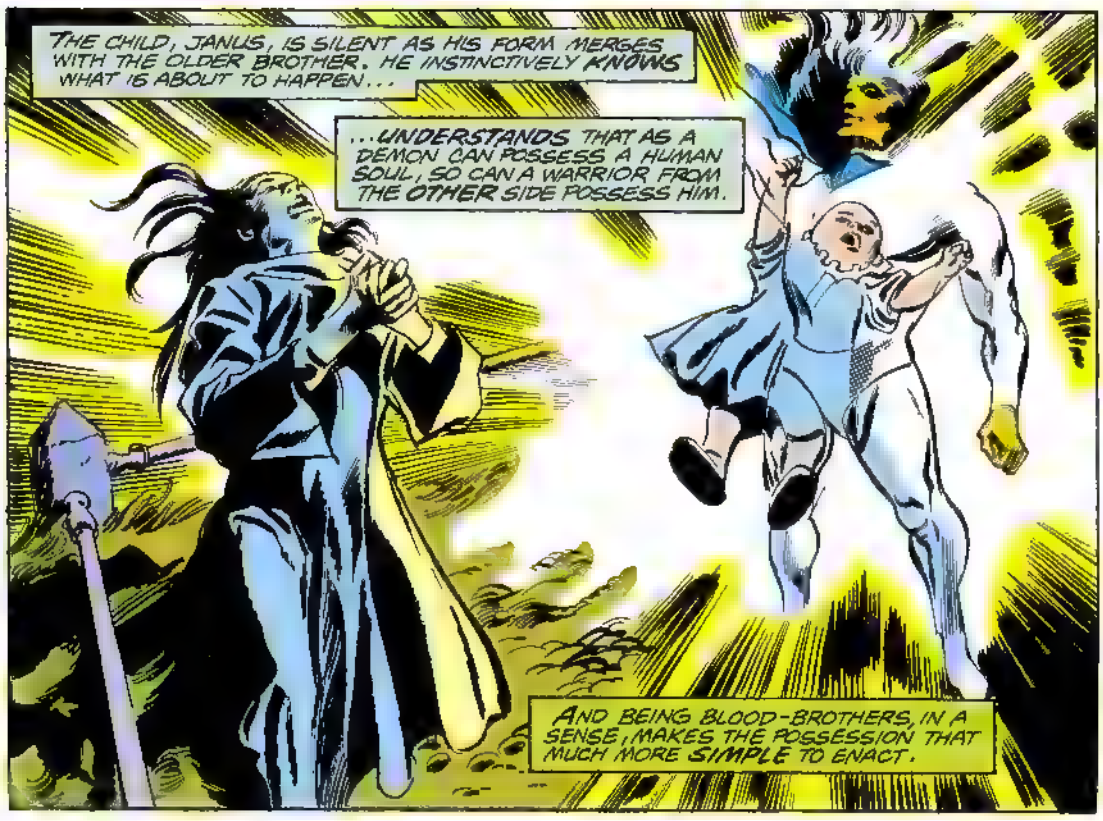
THE CHILD JANUS FLOATS SERENELY ABOVE HIS GRAVE AS HIS GOLDEN BROTHER DESCENDS FROM THE SKIES, HAND OUTSTRETCHED.
AND ALL THE WHILE, DOMINI SAYS NOTHING, HER HEART FILLED WITH PRAYER.
SHE HAD JOINED HER SATAN CULT BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT HERSELF USELESS.


BUT THIS EVENING SHE KNOWS -- THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON FOR ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED TO HER.
SHE WAS DESTINED TO BECOME MOTHER TO JANUS -- THE CHILD WHO STANDS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL!

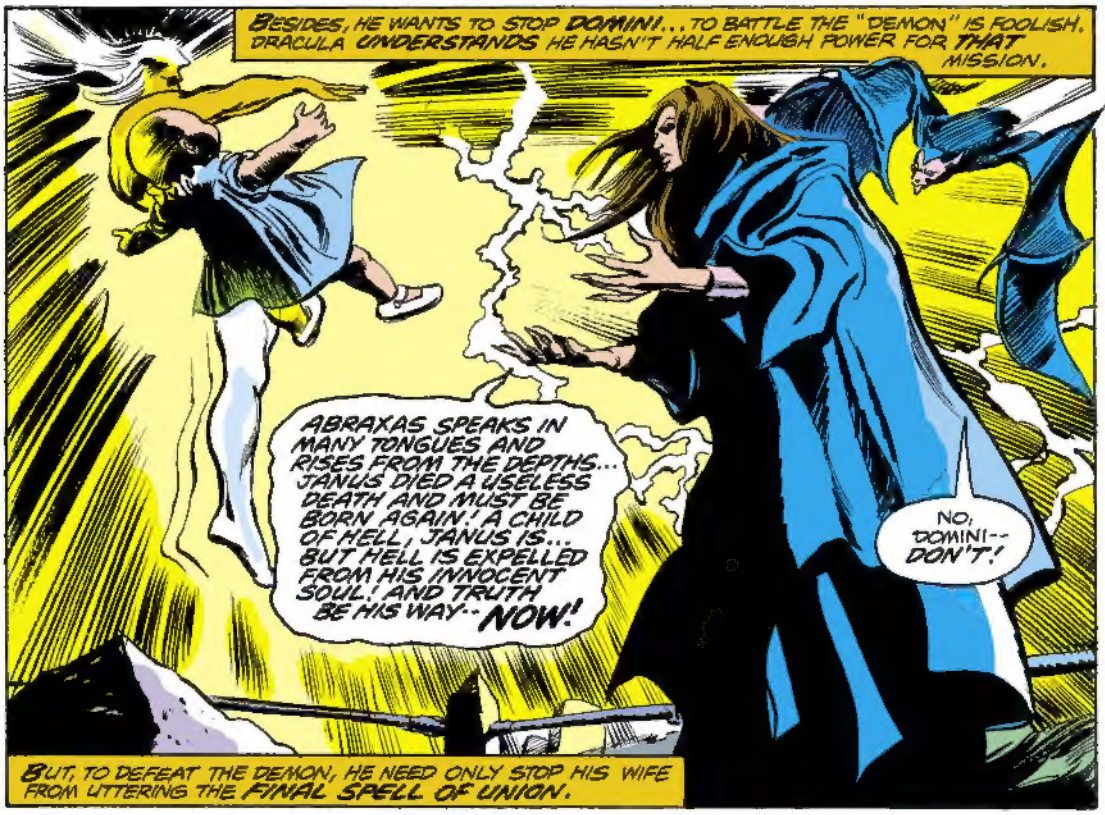

THE GOLDEN BROTHERS MERGE NOW, TWO BEINGS BECOME ONE. THE INNOCENCE OF THE INFANT BLENDS WITH ANOTHER FORM OF INNOCENCE.
THEY ARE ONE NOW-- THEY ARE JANUS!
AND THE ONLY SOUND TO SHATTER THE SUDDEN STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS DRACULA'S MAD SCREAM!
NO! LET MY SON DIE! FOR PEACE ON EARTH--LET JANUS DIE!
THE WINDS COME TO LIFE WITH HURRICANE FORCE, ALL DIRECTED TOWARDS THE DARK-SHADOWED FORM THAT PUSHES UNRELENTINGLY EVER ONWARD.
DRACULA WILL NOT YIELD! HE WILL PUSH THROUGH ANYTHING TO STOP THIS MAD ALLIANCE.


BUT THERE ARE FORCES THAT HAVE OTHER IDEAS.
LIVING LIGHTNING FLASHES LIKE SCARLET SPEARS THROUGH THE SKY, SMASHING INTO THE VAMPIRE LORD WITH IMPOSSIBLE FURY.
AND EVEN ONE WHO IS DEAD MUST SCREAM IN AGONY AS HIS FLESH SIZZLES IN AN INSTANT.


BUT NOTHING ON EARTH CAN STOP DRACULA FROM REACHING HIS GOAL.
HE IS A DEMON POSSESED, SET ON RESCUING HIS SON FROM A FATE HE FEELS IS WORSE THAN DEATH.
FOR DRACULA REALIZES THOSE ARE NOT MELO-DRAMATIC WORDS-- HE HAS SEEN DEATH, AND HE IS FULLY AWARE OF WHAT FOLLOWS IT.
THE HURRICANE GROWS TO AN AWESOME INTENSITY, YET DRACULA BULLDOZES HIS WAY THROUGH THE FIERCE WINDS.


THE CHILD, JANUS, IS SILENT AS HIS FORM MERGES WITH THE OLDER BROTHER. HE INSTINCTIVELY KNOWS WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...
...UNDERSTANDS THAT AS A DEMON CAN POSSESS A HUMAN SOUL, SO CAN A WARRIOR FROM THE OTHER SIDE POSSESS HIM.
AND BEING BLOOD-BROTHERS, IN A SENSE, MAKES THE POSSESSION THAT MUCH MORE SIMPLE TO ENACT.

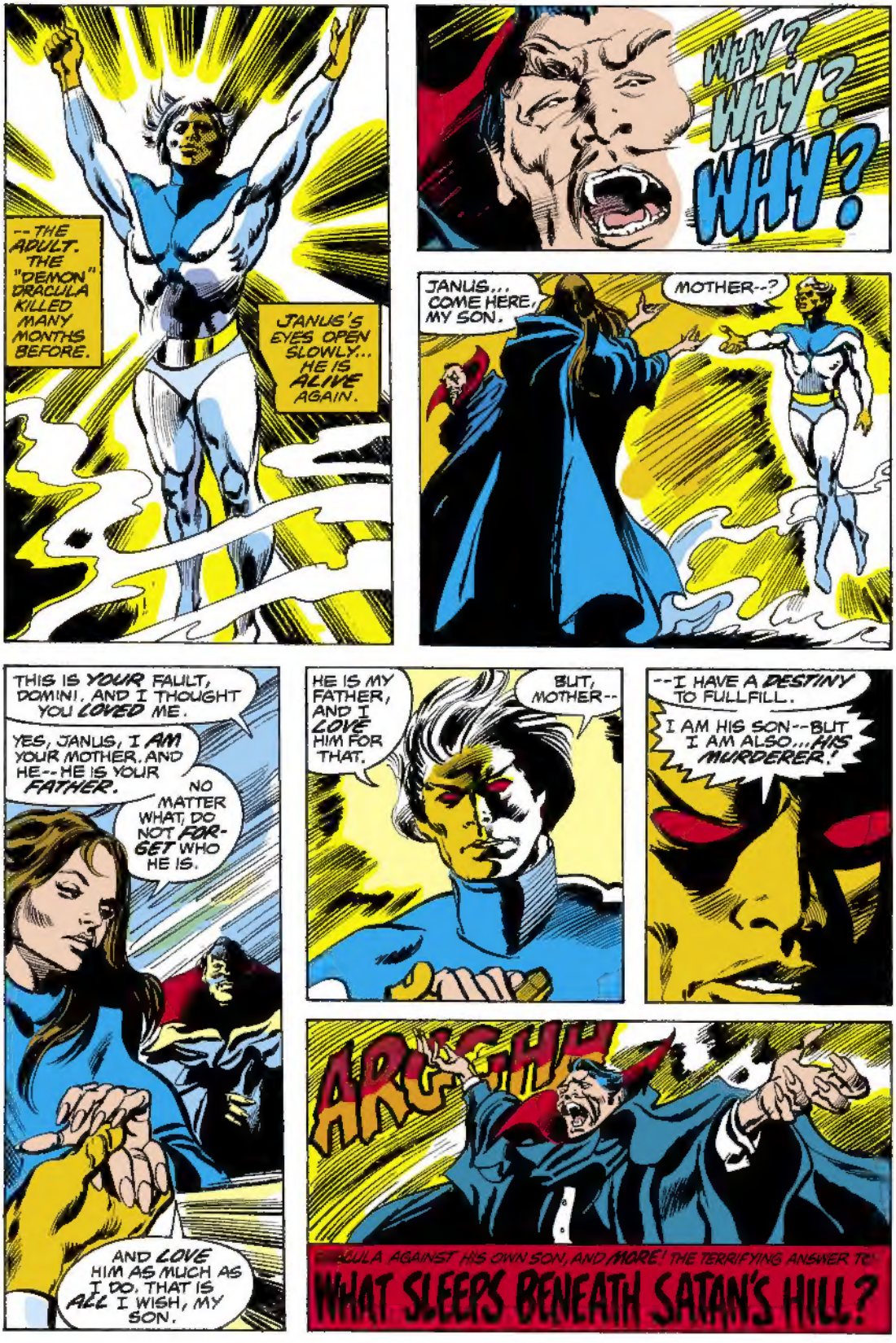
THE TYPHOON ENDS SUDDENLY, AND THE AIR IS CLEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MINUTES.
STOP! DEMON, I SAID STOP!
I SLEW YOU THE LAST TIME WE MET. MUST I DO SO AGAIN?
BEFORE HIM, DRACULA SEES THE POSSESSION IS VIRTUALLY OVER: HE IS LOSING HIS SON A SECOND TIME.
I WANT MY SON PURE!
BUT THE GOLDEN "DEMON" SPEAKS NOT A WORD. INSTEAD, FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, THERE SUDDENLY ERUPTS A WALL OF FIRE!
WOOOSH
SATAN SPAWN!
I'VE BATTLED HUMANS AND DEMONS A THOUSAND TIMES--
--BUT NEVER HAVE ANY BEEN SO INVINCIBLE!
NEVER HAVE THEY BEEN SO--
ARRGGHHH
THE FIRE CLOAKS DRACULA, AND AGAIN THE VAMPIRE LORD'S FLESH BURNS.
BUT THIS TIME, DRACULA BRINGS HIS MIND INTO FOCUS... HIS BODY SHIMMERS, FIRST INTO THE MIDNIGHT MIST, AND THEN--INTO THE DARK-WINGED BAT.
DRACULA WAS ONCE A SOLDIER. HE KNOWS WHEN TO FIGHT. AND MORE, WHEN TO RETREAT.


BESIDES, HE WANTS TO STOP DOMINI!... TO BATTLE THE "DEMON" IS FOOLISH. DRACULA UNDERSTANDS HE HASN'T HALF ENOUGH POWER FOR THAT MISSION.
ABRAXAS SPEAKS IN MANY TONGUES AND RISES FROM THE DEPTHS... JANUS DIED A USELESS DEATH AND MUST BE BORN AGAIN! A CHILD OF HELL, JANUS IS... BUT HELL IS EXPELLED FROM HIS INNOCENT SOUL! AND TRUTH BE HIS WAY--NOW!
NO, DOMINI--DON'T!
BUT, TO DEFEAT THE DEMON, HE NEED ONLY STOP HIS WIFE FROM UTTERING THE FINAL SPELL OF UNION.

YOU'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR THE FOOL!
JANUS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
--OR FATHER AND SON WILL BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS TILL TIME ITSELF IS OVER!
THE OTHER SIDE WANTS TO CLAIM HIM--TO USE HIM AS THEIR WARRIOR!
DON'T COMPLETE YOUR SPELL, DOMINI--

KBLAMMM
DAMNATION!
THE DEED IS DONE--DONE!
NO!
HADES HELP ME--I'VE LOST--AGAIN!
INDEED, THE DEED IS DONE, FOR IN THE MOMENT OF UNION, THE EARTHLY LAWS OF MATTER CONSERVATION ARE ENACTED! TWO FORMS OCCUPY ONE SPACE! AND THE SUDDEN ENERGY IS RELEASED!

THE FURY IS OVER...
...AND DRACULA WAITS TO WITNESS THIS HANDIWORK OF ANTI-HELL.
THIS PROUD MAN STARES SKYWARD AT THE FLOATING FIGURE OF HIS SON. THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME HE EVER SEES JANUS THIS WAY.
HE UNDERSTANDS THIS, AND STILL--HE PLEADS...
DON'T CHANGE MY SON--PLEASE--DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
ALL MY CHILDREN HAVE FOUGHT ME!
AND JANUS, WHOM I LOVED MORE THAN THEM ALL--
--WHY MUST YOU FORCE US TO BATTLE EACH OTHER--FOREVER?
REFUSE, JANUS--REFUSE TO CHANGE... FIGHT OFF THE DEMON IN YOUR SOUL!
BUT, IT IS MUCH TOO LATE. THE CHILD JANUS IS GONE. AND, IN A TWINKLING OF AN EYE, HIS BODY AGES.
ONE MOMENT HE IS AN INFANT, THE NEXT A TODDLING CHILD. THEN COMES AWKWARD YOUTH, ADOLESCENCE, AND FINALLY--


--THE ADULT. THE "DEMON" DRACULA KILLED MANY MONTHS BEFORE.
JANUS'S EYES OPEN SLOWLY... HE IS ALIVE AGAIN.
WHY? WHY? WHY?
JANUS... COME HERE, MY SON.
MOTHER--?
THIS IS YOUR FAULT, DOMINI. AND I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME.
YES, JANUS, I AM YOUR MOTHER. AND HE--HE IS YOUR FATHER.
NO MATTER WHAT, DO NOT FORGET WHO HE IS.
AND LOVE HIM AS MUCH AS I DO. THAT IS ALL I WISH, MY SON.
HE IS MY FATHER, AND I LOVE HIM FOR THAT.
BUT, MOTHER--
--I HAVE A DESTINY TO FULFILL.
I AM HIS SON--BUT I AM ALSO... HIS MURDERER!
ARGHH
DRACULA AGAINST HIS OWN SON, AND MORE! THE TERRIFYING ANSWER TO
WHAT SLEEPS BENEATH SATAN'S HILL?